

**THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.**  
A Free Press, a Free Ballot, and Free Speech, are the Birthright of Freemen.  
VOL. VII. CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1883. NO. 40.

"Who was that?"

"A new-comer. Yeasar is his name."

George groaned. "How do you use it, if you please?"

"Sh'ear 'em close, rub the bintment well in, wash 'em every two days, and rub in again."

"Give me a stone of it."

"A stonk of my diffident! Well, you are the wisest man I have come across this year or two. You shall have it, s'r."

George rode home with his purchase.

Abner turned up his nose at it, and was loath to laugh at George's fears. But George said to himself: "I have sworn to think of as well as myself. Besides," said he, a little bitterly, "I haven't a grain of

"Shear them! Why, it is not two months

"What, before we see any sign of the scab among them? I wouldn't do that if I were you."

"No more would I if they were yours," replied George, almost fiercely. "But they are not yours, Will Abner. They are unlucky George's."

[Continued next week.]

**WEBSTER.**

The Webster Sunday School met and organized last Sunday with a small attendance, leaving plenty of room to build upon.

The following officers were elected: Rev. A. R. Willett, superintendent; Dr. G. Kurtz, secretary, and Chas. Goldsmith; librarians. After some nice singing the school adjourned to meet next Sunday at

3 o'clock p. m. Come out and join the Sunday School, one and all. Put your shoulders to the wheel, and help to roll the wagon of God.

h, "I know, right through here, and our depot will be up the street in front of Dr. G. Kutz's house. There is where the surveyors located it last week, it being only 25 miles to West Point. There was a large

crowd of our noble farmers to welcome their coming. Mr. Z. T. Herndon, the surveyor of the route from the mouth of Otter Creek to this point, completed his task, and thinks it is a very favorable one:

Now, men of our county, come up and throw in your little surplus money and let us have the railroad right away to haul off our produce this summer, when it will be so hot that you will almost melt in the

"Good morning, Mr. Clint. Have you this week's News?" "Yes, m'am; I never read any other." "Will you be so kind

The water was up last week, and prevented some of our boys from going across

the hills to Mr. Tim's and Mr. Jube's, as they could not swim. Messrs. Crawford and Willett wore very long faces, and their ears hung down like those of a broken down mule, but as the water swiftly reced-

ed there was a yell and a bark for the hills across the way. When they reached their destination they were panting, and their wings drooped like an old turkey's in mid-summer.

Miss Alice Johnson was in town last week spending a few days with Mrs. Dr. Bell Kurtz. Come again, Miss Alice.

Work has begun in earnest. Dr. Bell has burned a cabbage bed, and built a new

Mr. James M. Willett, of Garrett, was in town last week, spending a few days with

town last week, spending a few days with his brother, Rev. A. R. Willett, but has returned to his home rejoicing at having met so many sweet smiles from the pretty girls of our neighborhood. Come again, Max, and see us. Is the wish of us girls.

Messrs. Clint and Johnnie went over to Uncle John Fisher's last Sunday to tell him that the trace-chains did not come with that load of new goods, as he expected.

Many thanks to you, Mr. McCoy, is the acknowledgment of that darling little "dony" who received the accordion not long ago. My advice to you is to keep

your eyes open and your hair parted in the middle, or Mr. Willett, that cute little fellow, will get ahead of you with those pleasant smiles and that never-tiring clapper between his teeth.

Well, being rather sleepy, and thinking of my fellow, I will close, leaving the rest for a future pen. Bidding you all goodbye, and wishing success to the News, I remain, as ever, S<sup>ad</sup>.

The maddest man in Kentucky is one who found gold, shining gold and lots of it, while he was digging a well on a widow's farm. He did not tell of his discovery until he had told his love and married the

widow. He then took pieces of the glittering rock to a chemist in the nearest town, who promptly informed him that the gold was iron pyrites, worth five cents a ton. The disappointed bridegroom proceeded to

down some of his sorrows in the flowing bowl, but could not drown the widow—the fate widow—and she was old and ugly.

For more than fifteen years Irish agitation has been holding mixed meetings in

...tore have been holding secret meetings in New York and drinking beer, in order to free Ireland, and yet the condition of that unfortunate country is worse to-day than it was a dozen years ago. The "agitators" will not become discouraged however, and

will not become discouraged, however, as long as the beer and money hold out.

\_\_\_\_\_







Memorandum Books free.

B. F. BEARD, Chmn.

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_



